ALICE of OLD VINCENNES

By MAURICE THOMPSON

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(Continued.)

CHAPTER XIII.

A MEETING IN THE WILDERNESS. DEVERLEY set out on his midwinter journey to Kaskaskia with a tempest in his heart. and it was perhaps the storm's spergy that gave him the courage to face undaunted and undoubting what his experience must have told him lay in his path. What meant suffering to aim if he could but rescue Alice? And what were life should he fail to rescue ner? The old, old song hummed in his seart, every phrase of it distinct above the tumult of the storm. Could cold and hunger, swollen streams, ravenous | life."

wild beasts and scalp bunting savages baffle him? No; there is no barrier hat can hinder love. He said this over and over to himself after his rencounar with the four Indian scouts on the Wabash. He repeated it with every heart beat until he fell in with some friendly red men, who took him to their camp, where, to his great surprise, he met M. Roussillon. It was his song when again he strode off toward the west on his lonely way.

He did not know that Long Hair and als band were fast on his track, but the knowledge could not have urged alm to greater haste. He strained every muscle to its utmost, kept every serve to the highest tension. Yonder mward the west was help for Alice. That was all be cared for,

But if Long Hair was pursuing him sending over a little fire broiling some | won't we, Jaron?" in a mist before Beverley's eyes. Ken- sort o' crazylike." ton was laughling quietly, his strong, upright form shaking to the force of his pleasure. He was in the early prime of a vigorous life, not handsome, but strikingly attractive by reason of a certain glow in his face and a kindly fish in his deep set eyes.

"Well, well, my boy!" he exclaimed. laying his left hand on Beverley's shoulder, while in the other he held a long, benvy rifle. "I'm glad to see ye. giad to see ye!"

"Thought we was Injuns, ch?" said Oncie Jazon. "Au' ef we had 'a' been we'd 'a' been shore o' your scalp!" The wifened old creole cackled gleefully.

"And where are ye goin'?" demand of Kenton. "Ye're makin' what lacks a heap o' bein' a bee line for some place or other."

Beverley was dazed and vacant minded. Things seemed wavering and dim. He pushed the two men from him and gazed at them without speaking. Their presence and voices did not convince

"Yer meat's a-burnin'," said Oncle Jazon, stooping to turn it on the smoldering coals. "Ye must be hungry Cookin' enough for a regiment."

Kenton shook Beverley with rough familiarity as if to rouse his faculties. "What's the matter? Fitz, my lad, don't ye know Si Kenton? It's not so long since we were like brothers, and now ye don't speak to me. Ye've not forgotten me, Fitz!" "Mebby he don't like ye as well as

ye thought he did," drawled Oncle Jezon. "I hev known o' fellers a-bein' mistaken jes' thet way."

Beverley got his wits together as best he could, taking in the situation by such degrees as seemed at the time undnly slow, but which were really mere momentary falterings.

"Why, Kenton! Jazon!" he presently exclaimed, a cordial gladness blending with his surprise. "How did you get here? Where did you come from?"

He looked from one to the other back and forth, with a wondering smile breaking over his bronzed and determined face.

"We've been hot on yer trail for thirty hours," said Kenton. "Roussillon put us on it back yonder. But what are ye up to? Where are ye goin'?"

"I'm going to Clark at Kaskaskla to bring him yonder." He waved his hand eastward. "I am going to take Vincennes and kill Hamilton."

"Well, ye're takin' a mighty queer course, my boy, if ye ever expect to and Kaskaskia. Ye're already twenty miles too far south."

"Carryin' his gun on the same shoulder all the time," said Oncle Jazon. "has made 'im kind o' swing in a curve like. "Tain't good luck nehow to carry For gun on yer lef' shoulder. When re do it meks ye take a longer step with yer right foot than ye do with Fer left, an' ye can't walk a straight Venation brule encore! Look at that opportunity in their rude but perfectly dasted meat burnin' ag'in?"

He jumped back to the fire to turn the scorehing cuts. Beverley wrung Kenton's hand and looked into his eyes as a man does

when an old friend comes suddenly out of the past, so to say, and brings the treahness and comfort of a strong, true soul to brace him in his hour of great-

"Of all men in the world, Simon Kenton, you were the least exp., cted. But how glad I am, how thankfull Now I know I shall succeed. We are going to eapture Vincennes, Kenton, are we

> Nothing, nothing can prevent us, can Kenton heartly returned the presure of the young man's hand, while Oncle Jazon looked up quizzically and

not? We shall shan't we, Jazon?

"We're a tol'ble 'spectable lot to prevent; but, then, we might git pervented. I've seed better men 'an as party consid'ble pervented lots o' times in my

"For my part," said Kenton, "I am with ye, old boy, in anything ye want to do. But now ye've got to tell me everything. I see that ye're keepin' something back. What is it?" He glanced sidewise slyly at Oncle Jazon.

Beverley was frank to a fault, but somehow his heart tried to keep Alice all to itself. He hesitated; then-

"I broke my parole with Governor Hamilton," he said. "He forced me to do it. I feel altogether justified. I told him beforehand that I should certainly leave Vincennes and go get : force to capture and kill him, and I'll do it, Simon Kenton; I'll do it!"

"I see, I see," Kenton assented, "larg what was the row about? What did he do to excite ye, to make ye feel instified in breakin' over yer purole in that high handed way? Fitz, I know gith relentless greed for the reward of | re too well to be fooled by ye. You've fered by Hamilton there were friendly got somethin' in mind that ye don't footsteps still nearer behind him, and want to tell. Well, then, don't tell it. one day at high noon while he was Onche Jazon and I will go it blind,

liberal cuts of venison a finger tapped | "Blind as two moles," said the old him on the shoulder. He sprang up man; "but, as for thet secret," he addand grappled Oncle Jazon. At the same | ed, winking both eyes at once, "I don't time, standing near by, he saw Simon know as it's so mighty hard to guess. Kenton, his old time Kentucky friend. It's always safe to 'magine a woman The pungled features of one and the in the case. It's mostly women that the runged face of the other swam as sends men a-trottin' off 'bout nothin',

> Beverley looked guilty and Oncle Jagon continued:

"They's a pooty gal at Vincennes, an' I see the young man a-steppin' into her house about fifteen times a day 'fore I lef' the place. Mebbe she's tuck m wi' one o' them English officers. Gals is slippery an' onsartin'."

"Jazon," cried Beverley, "stop that instantly, or I'll wring your old neck!" His anger was real, and he meant what he said. He elinched his hands and glowered.

"Don't get mad at the old man," said Kenton, pincking Beverley aside, "He's yer friend from his heels to his old scalped crown. Let him have his fun." Then, lowering his voice almost to a whisper, he continued:

"I was in Vincennes for two days and nights spyin' around. Mine. Godere bid me in her house when there was need of it. I know how it is with ye. I got all the gossip about ye and the young lady, as well as all the information about Hamilton and his forces that Colonel Clark wants. I'm goin' to Kaskaskia, but I think it quite possible that Clark will be on his march to Vincennes before we get there, for Vigo has taken him full particulars as to the fort and its garrison, and I know that he's determined to capture the whole thing or die tryin'.'

Beverley felt his heart swell and his blood leap strong in his veins at these words.

"I saw ye while I was in Vincennes," Kenton added, "but I never let ye see me. Ye were a prisoner, and I had no business with ye while your parole held. I felt that it was best not to tempt ye to give me aid or to let ye have knowledge of me while I was a spy. I left two days before ye did and should have been at Kaskaskia by this time if I hadn't run across Jazon, who detained me. He wanted to go with me, and I waited for him to repair the stock of his old gun. He tinkered at it 'tween meals and showers for half a week at the Indian village back yonder before he got it just to suit him. But tell ye he's wo'th waitin' for any

him have his way." Kenton, who was still a young man in his early thirties, respected Beverley's reticence on the subject uppermost in his mind. Mme. Godere had told the whole story with fiamboyant embellishments. Kenton had seen Alice, and, inspired with the gossip and a surreptitious glimpse of her beauty, he felt perfectly familiar with Beverley's condition. He was himself a victim of the tender passion to the extent of being an exile from his Virginia home, which he had left on account of dangerously wounding a rival. But he was well touched with the backwoodsman's taste for joke and banter. He and Oncie Jazon, therefore, knowing the main feature of Beverley's predicament, enjoyed making the most of their

length of time, and I was glad to let

By indirection and impersonal details, as regarded his feelings toward Alice, Beverley in due time made his friends understand that his whole ambition was centered in rescuing her. Nor did the motive fall to enlist their sympathy to the utmost. If all the world loves a lover all men having the best virile instinct will fight for a lover's cause. Both Kenton and Oncie Ja-

nothing better than an opportunity to ald in rescuing any girl who had shown so much patriotism and pluck. But Oncie Jazon was fond of Alice, and Beverley's story affected him peculiarly on her account.

"They's one question I'm a goin' to put to ye, young man," he said after he had beard everything and they had talked it all over, "an' I want ye to answer it straight as a built f'om yer

"Of course, Jazon. Go ahead," said Beverley, "I shall be glad to answer." But his mind was far away with the gold haired malden in Hamilton's pris-He scarcely knew what he was

"Air ye expectin' to marry Alice Roussillon?"

Beverley started as if a blow had been almed at him. Oncle Jazon's question indeed was a blow as unexpected as it was direct and powerful. "I know it's poory p'inted," the old

man added after a short pause, "an' ye may think thet I ain't got no business askin' it, but I have. That leetle gal's f pet o' mine, an' I'm a lookin' after her an' expectin' to see thet she's not bothered by nobody who's not goin' to do right by ber. Marryin' is a mighty good thing, but"-

Kenton had been peeping under the low hanging scrub oak boughs while Oncle Jazon was speaking these last words, and now he suddenly interrupt-

"The dence! Look yonder!" he growled out in startling tone. "Injuns!"

It was a sharp snap of the conversation's thread, and at the same time our three friends realized that they had been careless in not keeping a better lookout. They let fall the meat they had not yet finished eating and seized their guns.

Five or six dark forms were moving toward them across a little point of the prairie that cut into the wood a quarter of a mile distant.

"Yander's more of em." said Onele Jazon, as if not in the least concerned, wazging his head in an opposite direction, from which another squad was

That he duly appreciated the situation appeared only in the celerity with which he neted.

Kenton at once assumed command, and his companions felt his perfect fitness. There was no doubt from the first as to what the Indians meant, but eren if there had been it would have soon vanished, for in less than three minutes twenty-one savages were swiftly and silently forming a circle inclosing the spot where the three white men, who had covered themselves as best they could with trees, waited in grim steadiness for the worst.

Quite beyond gunshot range, but near mough for Oncle Jazon to recognize Long Hair as their leader, the Indians halted and began making signs to one another all round the line. Evidently they dreaded to test the marksmanship of such ridemen as they knew most border men to be, Indeed Long Hair had personal knowledge of what might certainly be expected from both Kenton and Oncle Jazon. They were terrible when out for fight. The red warriors from Georgia to the great lakes had heard of them; their names smacked of tragedy. Nor was Beverley without fame among Long Hair's followers, who had listened to the story of his fighting qualities brought to Vincennes by the two survivors of the scouting party so eleverly defeated by him.

"The liver colored cowurds," said Kenton, "are afeared of us in a shootin' match. They know that a lot of em would have to die if they should undertake an open fight with us. It's some sort of a sneakin' game they are studyin' about just now."

"I'm a-gittin' mes' too ole to shoot wo'th a cent," said Oncle Jazon, "but I'd give half o' my scalp ef thet Long Hair would come clost enough fo' me to git a bead onto his lef' eye. It's tol'ble plain that we're gone goslin's this time, I'm thinkin'. Still it 'd be mighty satisfyin' if I could 'plug out a lef' eye or two 'fore I go."

Beverley was slient. The words of his companions were heard by him, but not noticed. Nothing interested him save the thought of escaping and making his way to Clark. To fail meant infinitely more than death, of which he had as small fear as most brave men, and to succeed meant everything that life could offer. So in the unlimited selfishness of love he did not take his companions into account.

The three stood in a close set clump of four or five scrub caks at the highest point of a thinly wooded knoll that sloped down in all directions to the prairie. Their view was wide, but in places obstructed by the trees.

"Men," said Kenton after a thoughtful and watchful silence, "the thing looks kind o' squally for us. I don't ace much of a chance to get out of this alive, but we've got to try." He showed by the density of his voice and a certain gray film in his

face that he feit the awful gravity of the situation, but he was calm, and not a muscle quivered. "They's jes' two chances for us." said Onele Jazon, "an' them's as slim

as a broom straw. We've got to stan' here an' fight it out or wait till night an' sneak through atween 'em an' run for it."

"I don't see any hope o' sneakin' through the line," observed Kenton. 'lt's not goin' to be dark tonight." "Wa-a-l," Oncle Jazon drawled non-

chalantly while he took in a quid of to bacco, "I've been into tighter squeezes 'nn this many a time, an' I got out

"Likely enough," said Kenton, still reflecting while his eyes roamed around the circle of savages. "I fit the skunks in Ferginny 'fore ye's thought of, Si Kenton, an' down

in Car'lina in them hills. If ye think

zon were enthusiastic. They wanted + rai a-roin' to be scatted where they ain't no scaip 'ithout/tryin' a few dodges, yer a dad dasteder fool 'an 1 used to think ye was, an' thet's makin' a big compliment to ye."

"Well, we don't have to argy this question, Oncie Jazon. They're a git-



A young warrier leaped high and fell paralyzed.

tin' ready to run in upon us, and we've got to fight. I say, Beverley, are ye ready for fast shootin'? Have ye got a-plenty o' bullets?"

"Yes; Roussillon gave me a hundred. Do you think"-

He was interrupted by a yell that leaped from savage mouth to mouth all round the circle, and then the charge began.

"Steady, now!" growled Kenton "Let's not be in a hurry. Wait till they come nigh enough to hit 'em before we shoot,"

The time was short, for the Indians came on at almost race horse speed. Oncle Jazon fired first, the long, keep crack of his small bore ride splitting

the air with a suggestion of vicious energy, and a lithe young warrior who was outstripping all his fellows leaped high and fell paralyzed.

"Can't shoot wo'th a cent," mut

bered the old man, deftly beginning to relead his gun the while, "but I jest happened to hit that buck. He'll never git my scalp, thet's sartin and sure."

Beverley and Kenton each likewise dropped an Indian, but the shots did not even check the rush. Long Hair had planned to capture his prey, not kill it. Every savage had his orders to take the white men alive. Hamilton's larger reward depended on this,

Right on they came, as fast as their nimble legs could carry them, yelling like demons, and they reached the grove before the three white men could reload their guns. Then every warrior took cover behind a tree and began scrambling forward from bole to bole, thus approaching rapidly without much exposure.

A struggle ensued which for desperate energy has probably never been surpassed. Like three lions at bay, the white men met the shock, and lionlike they fought in the midst of seventeen stalwart and determined savages.

"Don't kill them. Take them allve. Throw them down and hold them," was Long Hair's order, loudly shouted in the tongue of his tribe

Both Kenton and Jazon understood every word and knew the significance of such a command from the leader. It naturally came into Kenton's mind that Hamilton had been informed of his visit to Vincennes and had offered a reward for his capture. This being true, death as a spy would be the certain result if he were taken back. He might as well die now. As for Beverley, he thought only of Alice yonder as he had left her a prisoner in Hamilton's hands. Oncie Jazon, if he thought at all, probably considered nothing but present escape, though he prayed audihly to the Blessed Virgin even while he lay helpless upon the ground pluned down by the weight of an enormous Indian. He could not move any part of himself save his lips, and these mechanically put forth the wheezing supplication.

Beverley and Kenton, being young and powerful, were not so easily mastered. For awhile indeed they ap peared to be more than holding their own. They time and time agala scat tered the entire crowd by the violence of their muscular efforts, and after it had finally closed in upon them in solld body they swayed and swung it back and forth and round and round until the writhing, savage mass looked as if caught in the vortex of a whirlwind, fint each tremendous exertion could not last long. Eight to one made too great a difference between the contending parties, and the only possible concludes of the struggle soon came. Seized upon by desperate, clinging, wolflike assaliants, the white men felt their arms, legs and bodies weighted down and their strength fast going.

Kenton fell next after Oncle Jazon and was soon lightly bound with rawhide thongs. He lay on his back pant ing and utterly exhausted, while Beverley still kept up the unequal fight.

Long Hair sprang in at the last moment to make doubly certain the securing of his most important captive. He tiong his long and powerful arms around Beverley from behind and made a great effort to throw him upon the ground. The young man, feeling this fresh and vigorous clasp, turned himself about to put forth one more mighty spuri of power. He lifted the a tree half a rod distant, breaking the St. Paul. amailer bone of his left forearm and well nigh knocking him senseless.

strength, but there could be nothing were attuned to the proper pitch," gained by It. A blow on the back of his head the next instant stretched if Beverley face downward and unconscious on the ground. The savages turned him over and looked satisfied when they found that he was not dead. They bound him with even greater care than they had shown in securing the others, while Long Hair stood by stolidly looking on, meantime supporting his broken

forearm in his hand, "Ugh, dog!" he grunted and gave Beverley a kick in the side. Then turning a fleudish stare upon Unck Jazon, he proceeded to deliver against his old, dry ribs three or four like contributions with resounding effect, "Polecat! Little old grossy woman!" he snaried. "Make good fire for war-rior to dance by!" Kenton also received his full share of the kicks and verbal abuse, after which Long Hair gave orders for fires to be built. Then he looked to his hurt arm and had the bone set and bandaged, never so much as wincing the while,

It was soon apparent that the Indiana purposed to celebrate their successful enterprise with a feast. They cooked a large amount of buffalo steak. Then, each with his hands full of the savory meat, they began to dance around the fires, droning meantime an atroclously repellent chant.

Before this was ended a rain began to fall, and it rapidly thickened from a desultory shower to a roaring downpour that effects...lly quenched not only the fires around which the savages were dancing, but the enthusiasm of the dancers as well. During the rest of the afternoon and all hight long the fall was incessant, accompanied by a cold, panting, walling southwest wind.

Beverley lay on the ground face upward, the rawhide strings torturing his imbs, the chill of cold water searching his bones. He could see nothing but the dim, strunge canopy of flying rain, against which the bare boughs of the scrub oaks were vaguely outlined; be could hear nothing but the cry of the wind and the swash of the water which fell upon him and ran under him, bubbling and gurgling as if flendishly exultant.

The night dragged on through its terrible length, dealing out its indescribable horrors, and at last morning arrived, with a stingy and uncertain gift of light slowly increasing until the dripping trees appeared forloruly gray and brown against clouds now break-

ing into masses that gave but little

There was great stir among the Indians. Long Hair stalked about scrutinizing the ground. Beverley saw him come near time and again with a bidcons, inquiring scowl on his face. Grunts and Inconic exclamations passed from mouth to mouth, and presently the import of it all could not be intetaken. Kenton and Jason were gonehad escaped during the night-and the rain had completely obliterated there

The Indians were furious, Long Hall sent out picked parties of his hescotts with orders to scour the corr try in all directions, keeping with hi nelf a few of the older warriors. Hex erloy was fed what he would cutventson, and Long Hair made film u-



Beverley dashed him headlong against the root of a tree.

derstand that he would have to suffer some terrible punishment on account of the action of his companions.

Late in the day the scouts straggled back with the report that no track or sign of the fugitives had been discovered, and immediately a consultation was held. Most of the warriors, incinding all of the young bucks, demanded a torture entertainment as compensation for their exertions and the unexpected loss of their own prisoners, for it had been agreed that Hevericy belonged exclusively to Long Hair, who objected to anything which might deprive him of the great reward offered by Hamilton for the prisoner if brought to him alive.

In the end it was agreed that Beverley should be made to run the gantlet, provided that no deadly weapons were used upon him during the ordeal.

(To be Continued.)

DEPLORES UNGODLIKE WEALTH.

Rockefeller, Jr., Tells Bible Class of Christian Duty.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., at his Bible class in the Fifth avenue Baptist church, gave a fervent talk on Christian service. Throughout the Christian service. autumn Mr. Rockefeller's subject of stalwart Indian bodily and dashed him discussion has been the lives of the headlong against the buttressed root of Apostica and particularly the life of

mailer bone of his left forearm and "Imagine where you or I would have been," began Mr. Rockefeller. It was a fine exhibition of maniy after the orchestra had played a se lection and the emotions of the class

"imagine where we would have been if we had not been saved. What service, then, do we not owe the

Many of us, I fear, are like the rich, young ruler who could not follow the true path, because he thought too much of his earthly possessions. ion't think people are to be particular commended for giving their service and possessions to Christ, for are not we and all our possessions his?"

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